

**Memorial For**  
**Erma M. Hoffman**

June 13, 1998

by her son Randy Hoffman

I t is a privilege, as her son, to you tell you what my Mother meant to me. F irst of all, it is enough to tell you that she is, and was, and will always be my mother. T his means she still lives within me, and my brother, and my sister, and the grand children both in blood and in character. B ut more than that, she lives in those she touched and loved. A part of her will always be with us for generations, for she was truly a gentle, loving person who genuinely cared about those she knew and loved. T o me, it was not the things she accomplished that were truly important. I nstead, it was the character that she exemplified through honesty, courtesy, patience, and compassion that will be passed on for generations as we, her children, try to pass those same virtues on to our children, and our grandchildren, and those that we encounter in our daily lives. S he still lives in my Dad with a love that is eternal. T he body is lost but the spirit remains. H er love is part of that which has made my Dad what he is; a gentle, caring man who returned that same love by caring for my mother in many ways. W hat do I remember the most about my mother? I remember the little things. I remember, as a small child, when she held me as we rode the bus to the hospital. I remember when she sat on the front steps as we talked about school. I remember her meals. I remember sitting at the table and talking as a family. I remember going for walks and camping, and laughing, and crying. I t is this which remains in this world and will be passed on to others as her character, and her virtues have rubbed off on us and those she knew. B ut despite what remains I miss that which has passed. Mom, I love you very much.